

If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:

The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,

And quench this fierie indignation,

Euen in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harme mine eye:

Are you more stubborn hard, then hammer'd Iron?

And if an Angell should haue come to me,

And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,

I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Hubert's*.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Ar. O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out

Euen with the fierie lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Ar. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:

For heauen sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:

Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,

Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgie you,

What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Ar. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,

He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:

Let him come backe, that his compassion may

Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,

A graine, a dust, a gnaw, a wandering haire,

Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,

Your wilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tongue

Ar. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,

Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,

Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,

So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,

Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,

Being create for comfort, to be vs'd

In vndefin'd extreames: See else your selfe,

There is no malice in this burning cole,

The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.

Ar. And if you do, you will but make it blusht,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:

And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vse to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,

For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,

Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,

With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while

You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,

Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.

Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleepe doubleesse, and secure,

That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more: go closely in with mee,

Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *John*, *Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, and other *Lords*.

John. Heere once againe we sit: once against crowns

And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)

Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,

And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:

The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:

Fresh expectation troubled not the Land

With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possels'd with double pompe,

To guard a Title, that was rich before;

To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;

To throw a perfume on the Violet,

To smooth the yce, or adde another hew

Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light

To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,

Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,

This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,

Being vrge'd at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face

Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,

And like a shifted winde vnto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles, and frights consideration:

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen strue to do better then wel,

They do confound their skill in countenances,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault,

Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:

As patches set vpon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault;

Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd

We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes

To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all, and euery part of what we would

Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

Job. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I haue posselt you with, and thinke them strong.

And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare

I shall induc you with: Meane time, but aske

What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,

And well shall you perceiue, how willingly

I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,

Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all

Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them

Bend their best studies, heartily request

Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint

Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent

To breake into this dangerous argument.

If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,

Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend

The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his dayes

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich aduantage of good exercise,

That the times enemies may not haue this

To grace occasions: let it be our suite,

That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,

Which for our goods, we do no further aske,

Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,

Counts it your weale: he haue his libertie.

Enter *Hubert*.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,

The image of a wicked heynous fault

Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,

Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,

And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go

Betweene his purpose and his conscience,

Like Herald's twixt two dreadfull battailes set:

His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence

The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.

Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,

The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.

Hotels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,

Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:

This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Job. Why do you bend such tolemine browes on me?

Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?

Haue I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame

That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;

So thirue it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,

And finde th' inheritance of this poore childe,

His little kingdome of a forced graue.

That blood which ow'd the breath of all this Ile;

Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:

This must not be thus borne, this will breake out

To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Job. They burn in indignation: I repent: Enter *Mef.*

There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:

A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,

That I haue scene inhabite in those cheekes?

So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,

Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powre

For any forraigne preparation,

Was leui'd in the body of a land.

The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:

For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Job. On where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?

Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?

That such an Army could be drawne in France,

And she not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care

Is stop't with dust: the first of April di'de

Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,

The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de

Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue

I dely heard: if true, or false I know not.

John. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:

O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd

My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?

How wildly then walkes my Estate in France?

Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,

That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter *Bastard* and *Peter of Pomfret*.

Job. Thou hast made me giddy

With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world

To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stiffe

My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Bast. But if you be a feard to heare the worst

Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me *Cosen*, for I was amaz'd

Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe

Aloft the flood, and can giue audience

To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,

The summes I haue collected shall expresse:

But as I traual'd hither through the land,

I finde the people strangely fantastical,

Posselt with rumors, full of idle dreames,

Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.

And here's a Prophet that I brought with me

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heeles:

To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,

That ere the next Ascension day at noone,

Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne;

John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

John. *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,

And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes

I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd:

Deliuer him to safety, and returne,

For I must vse thee: O my gentle *Cosen*,

Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Bast. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:

Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*

With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,